

FEBRUARY 1936

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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February, 1936

No. 2

We are grateful for the generous contributions sent us for our Horses' Christmas. They have all been gladly acknowledged except those that came with neither name nor address. To those who sent the latter we also are sincerely grateful.

Half a million horses, mules and camels were bought by the Ethiopian Government for the army, according to the *Journal de Geneve*. Alas for the poor beasts for whom war means, as well as for men, suffering beyond description, and death!

How many of our readers, we wonder, have noticed how largely the old time trained animal acts have disappeared from the vaudeville stages of the country. To be sure, the moving picture has had much to do with their disappearing, but public opinion has been the chief factor.

Last year in England the only copy of the first edition of "Black Beauty" known was put up at auction. What it brought we are not told, but it is estimated that more than ten million copies have been published. Our own Society in this country has distributed by gift and sale between two and three million copies.

Rather amusing. A complaint came a little while ago to the San Francisco Society of a showman who stepped over to a large glass bowl in which several goldfish were swimming, grabbed one and swallowed it alive. Investigation revealed that it was a carrot cut into the shape of a fish that he "swallowed alive."

Vanished species, lost from our wild life forever—the heath hen, the Labrador duck, the passenger pigeon, the Carolina parakeet, the Pallas cormorant, the Great Auk. Shot out of existence. Unless the restraints placed upon gunners are rigorously increased and enforced many another species of our bird and mammal life will be only a memory.

## Abraham Lincoln

Born February 12, 1809

From Henry Watterson's Famous Tribute

**B**ORN as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.

## On the Life-mask of Abraham Lincoln

"This bronze doth keep the very form and mold

Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he: That brow all wisdom, all benignity; That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold

Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;

That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea For storms to beat on; the lone agony Those silent, patient lips too well foretold. Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men As might some prophet of the elder day,— Brooding above the tempest and the fray With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.

A power was his beyond the touch of art Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart." RICHARD WATSON GILDER

## "International Journal of Animal Protection"

**T**HE first issue of this new, attractive and much needed adventure into the field of international journalism reached us just as the old year closed. To the Scottish S. P. C. A. of Edinburgh the humane world owes this valuable contribution to the humane cause. Its editor, Mr. L. G. Langwill, secretary of the Scottish Society, and his colleagues, in this publication have realized the fulfilment of a long cherished desire. The thought, the labor, the correspondence involved extending over a period of several years deserves the widest commendation and support of every humane organization of this and other countries.

A paper setting forth the need of such a journal was presented by Mr. Langwill at the International Congress of Animal Protection held last year at Brussels and by a unanimous vote of the Congress the plan was approved and authorized. It is published in three languages, English, French and German, but articles in other languages will appear as occasion demands. Its purpose is "to provide authoritative information on the local conditions prevailing in the different countries; their peculiar difficulties, special aims and individual successes; their laws, methods, and apparatus."

"Many difficult problems," says the editor, "call for concentrated investigation, and, as they affect many countries, what better medium could be employed for their elucidation than an International Journal?" Here are some of the problems briefly outlined.

(1) The need for impressing upon the churches of all denominations the great importance of giving humane instruction to adults and children.

(2) The desirability of sister societies agreeing upon a uniform date for the  
(Continued on page 32)



## Wild Animal Life in South Africa

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

TRAVELERS in South Africa have brought back some interesting observations regarding wild animal life in that far-off region of the globe. Two of these adventurers, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, naturalists, have had many exciting experiences in making moving pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. They have brought to the civilized world much information concerning the habits and characteristics of the outstanding wild beasts. Picturization of wild animals in their native habitats means the supplying of most unusual and rare material for the study of natural history.

The attitude of the Johnsons is commendable and contrasts widely with that of several so-called big game hunters. The Johnsons never kill unless necessary for self-defense or for food purposes. They speak of their friends of the forest and jungle in the most sympathetic way. Frequently they have incurred great personal risks to avoid shooting wild beasts during their attempts at photography.

Not all animals are dangerous in the wild state. The Johnsons and Carl Akeley, another naturalist, once came upon fifteen lions in the jungle. For several hours photographs, both movies and stills, were made with no resentment on the part of the lions. They played like kittens, evidently having never been attacked by men with guns or spears. This tended to confirm Akeley's theory that a lion is not the aggressor and will not attack men if left undisturbed. Elephants are also disposed to be harmless in their native environment. Monkeys are friendly after they have had a good opportunity to look over human invaders of their realm. But the wild buffalo and the rhinoceros are not so gentle.

The conservation of wild animal life is a national policy in South Africa. The government is seeing the importance of this. The people believe that the establishing of unusual game reserves where animals, whether large or small, may demonstrate in their own natural way the survival of the fittest is a policy much preferred to that of indiscriminate exploitation of wild life. To this end heavy licenses are imposed for shooting certain animals. As a result careful observers state that certain animals, like the giraffe, are increasing and that, in large areas, the gorilla is protected.

One traveler in pointing out reserved areas said: "Back from Victoria Falls thirty or forty miles is a big game reserve with many animals save elephants. It is not a wilderness in the sense of no green, but simply absence of wild life until one comes upon the protected area. The animals are accustomed to the motor car and give no heed to visitors so long as they remain in the car. These animals seem to understand that they are safe."

Another voiced the opinion of experienced animal hunters "that the great natural wild-life reservations in the Transvaal and elsewhere will eventually so fa-



International News Photo

### BEING TRAINED TO STAND ON THEIR HIND LEGS

This is a view in the winter quarters of Bertram Mills Circus at Ascot, England, where Miss Patricia Bourne, "one of the foremost woman lion tamers in England," is teaching her "class." Of course she says it is all done by kindness, but note the expressions on the faces of some of these animals as they undergo their involuntary training.

miliarize the animals with human contact that these will lose all fear of the human intruder, especially if he remains in his automobile or motor truck in passing through their domain. In certain districts passengers on railroad trains may see from car windows giraffes, wildebeests, antelope, zebras and all sorts of other wild animals, now so accustomed to the trains, as with automobiles, that they remain grazing near the track. All of which seems to prove that man's interruption of their feeding habits will not for long disturb nature's wild inhabitants."

A final sidelight on animal care and treatment is revealed by the Johnsons. On one occasion a sick baby gorilla was found in the hands of a native. Mrs. Johnson bought the suffering creature and nursed it back to health. It became an affectionate pet, as one might expect. The Johnsons brought several gorillas and other animals back to the United States but after doing so declared they never would again take any of the wild animals away from their natural environment.

### Meditation of a Bull

CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

*Well, there they are—the rabble, wild and gay,*

*With heaving breasts, and eyes and faces tense—*

*Gathered to have a joyous holiday,*

*A bit of pleasure, at a bull's expense.*

*It's not the red cloak irritates me so.*

*It's something more than that I am abused.*

*It is the thought that all these humans know*

*No better way than this to be amused.*

*Suppose our places were reversed today,*  
*And I were in the seats where they are now.*

*Would they possess the courage, do you say,*  
*To die for the amusement of a cow?*

*Oh well, I know they haven't thought it through.*

*They're human. I would not expect them to.*

The Jack London Club, an organized protest against the cruelty connected with trained animal performances on stage and screen, has already enlisted two-thirds of a million members who have pledged themselves to boycott theaters presenting such unnatural acts. This membership represents all sections of the United States and many foreign countries. No officers, no dues. For full information address, Jack London Club, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## Abraham Lincoln and Horses

FRANK FARRINGTON

ABRAHAM Lincoln was accustomed to riding a horse. In coming from Kentucky he had ridden behind his father on one horse, while his sister rode behind her mother on the other horse.

As a boy he had suffered ill-treatment from the old flea-bitten gray mare he rode to mill to get some grain ground. While at the mill the animal had kicked him and he had been put unconscious into a wagon and taken home and it was the next morning when he regained his senses. His last words, before being kicked, were, "Git ap!" and his first words, as he regained consciousness, were to finish what he had started to say, "you old hussy!"

But Lincoln was always kind to his horse and would save it at the cost of his own comfort. He bought a horse in 1835, when appointed deputy surveyor and he lost it when it was sold because he was unable to pay a judgment against him. His friend, James Short, however, bought the horse and returned it to him, allowing him to take his time in paying the debt.

As a practising lawyer he had a home-made buggy and a rawboned horse and this horse is described in an advertisement he published in a Springfield newspaper when it once disappeared from its stable.

"Strayed or stolen: From a stable in Springfield, on Wednesday, 18th inst., a large bay horse, star in his forehead, plainly marked with harness; supposed to be eight years old; had been shod all around but is believed to have lost some of his shoes, and trots or paces. Any person who will take up said horse and leave information at the JOURNAL office or with the subscriber, shall be liberally paid for their trouble. A. Lincoln."

It is told that on one occasion Lincoln and a certain judge fell to joking one another about horse trading and it was agreed that the next morning each was to bring a horse and they were to trade without either seeing the other's horse in advance. There was to be no backing out, under pen-

alty of having to pay a \$25 fine.

The Judge brought the worst looking horse anyone could imagine and the crowd began to laugh at the joke he would have on Lincoln. Lincoln was not long in arriving and on his shoulder was a wooden sawhorse. The crowd shouted with laughter. Lincoln looked at the judge's horse and exclaimed, "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

On one occasion there was to be a grand review of General McClellan's troops and the General and his staff thought the trial of riding down the lines and inspecting the whole army would be too much for the President. McClellan thought this would be a time when he would bring the President, whom he did not like, into ridicule. He planned to ride hard and fast, hoping Lincoln would have to fall behind.

A big, black, spirited charger was brought out for the President. He took the bridle confidently and mounted easily and the horsemen who watched saw that he knew horses. The animal pranced and danced and whirled, but his rider sat as unconcerned as a cowboy on his pony, as if he and the animal were one.

McClellan led the way and they went down the field at a gallop. The artillery thundered, the drums beat and the bands struck up, "Hail to the Chief!" and the men cheered. It was a moment to excite the war horse to all his antics and tricks.

Lincoln continued to hold the bridle rein with one hand, while, undisturbed, he lifted his tall hat with the other, easily guiding the animal under him. Unconcernedly he rode over the rough ground, hurdling the ditches and keeping up with the general and his escort. The cheers greeting him were not less because of his fine appearance in the saddle, where his extreme height was not noticeable.

Remember the dates of Humane Sunday, April 19, and Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20—25, 1936.

## On Pepper Tree Hill

JUDY VAN DER VEER

I had been working at my desk until I was tired; I walked out to the kitchen and selected a good red apple and went outdoors and sat under a pepper tree where I could rest and enjoy my apple. A beautiful day, though a desert wind was blowing hotly; the pepper tree's red berries were tumbling in the wind. So nice and peaceful and quiet in the country, I was thinking. . .

Peaceful! I hadn't enjoyed two bites of my apple before I was surrounded by seven dogs, a white duck (who was scolding violently) two sheep, four cats, three geese, four horses and two heifers. Had the three other horses and the rest of the cattle not been out in the big pasture, they would have been crowding around, too. The apple was delicious and every creature except the cats and the heifers were eying it hungrily. How to divide one apple among such a congregation! One was reminded of the story of the loaves and the fishes. I didn't get any more of that apple. The horses nickered, the dogs thumped their tails, the geese screamed, the duck scolded, the sheep nibbled at my ears. I cut up the apple with my pocket knife and everyone got a tiny bite.

No more food, but the crowd would not disperse. One of the horses (the colt whom we call "Pepper Tree" because he was born under this same tree) began licking my face and neck, and blowing warm breaths at my hair. The sheep wanted their ears rubbed, and one of the dogs began picking imaginary fleas off the duck—a performance which greatly amuses all visitors at our ranch. The big dog plants her paw on "Wucky's" neck, and the poor duck has to submit to a very thorough flea examination. (Whoever heard of a duck having dog fleas!) It is very trying to her temper, she scolds until she is all but speechless but there seems nothing else she can do about it. The dog likes to flea the cats too, but they, realizing her good intentions, submit with more grace.

Visitors sometimes ask us why we own so many dogs. In reality we don't own the dogs, the dogs own us. Every one of them needs us, and somehow they have just collected until now there are seven, and most of them mongrels. But such marvelous mutts, faithful and intelligent! I used to think I owned the animals, I almost felt sorry for my devoted slaves, the horses and cows. Gradually it dawned on me that (in their opinion) they are not slaves, but slave owners. I am the slave! If you doubt it, just visit our big barn some evening at feeding time. The big, kindly cow, "Bossy," forgets her manners completely, she has such a queer low that it sounds like a growl in her throat—she growls and pounds the door of her stall with hard horns until I get the hay ready and let her in. The Jersey cow keeps telling me in her way to hurry and get her hay ready, the black cow, "Sally Anne," looks ready to eat me up, the young bull is impatiently pawing the earth, and the calves are trying to out-bawl one another. The horses are nickering with



THE BARN IS FILLED WITH GENTLE SOUNDS AND SWEET SMELLS

great urgency in their voices, and I must hurry, hurry, hurry!

But when the rush is over, what a comfortable feeling one has! The barn is filled with gentle sounds and sweet smells. It is good to stop and caress old Bossy, she ceases munching long enough to turn her luscious eyes my way and heave a fragrant sigh of contentment. Little calves are drowsily nestling in a bed of straw, they turn their milky faces up to mine and I am very apt to drop a kiss on each soft nose. I talk to the horses a minute and run my hand along a smooth neck or flank, and say good night to every one. By the time the first star shines above Black Mountain, and coyotes begin chanting on the hills, the evening chores are done. The sheep are in their pen, the dogs and cats are fed, Wucky the duck is drowsing in her own small house, and the geese have ceased their wanderings. Whatever horses happen to be staying in the big pasture have been brought in and watered and turned out again to graze under the stars. And there isn't a thing left for me to do but eat supper and go to bed. Lovely feeling!

I find it very amusing when young city people my age ask me what in the world I do for excitement way off here in the country. When a city girl gets bored I've heard she might buy a new hat; it is supposed to do wonders for a woman to go hat shopping. I remember once, in the summer, days began to seem a little dreary, the summer was so long and hot and it seemed an endless time before there would be winter rains and green grass again. I didn't go hat shopping. I went out in the pasture and brought a colt in and started gentling him to ride, and life immediately became almost too exciting!

When you are owned by all these animals something interesting is always bound to happen.



TIRED OUT FROM A LONG SWIM, THIS LYNX CLIMBED ABOARD A HUNTER'S CANOE IN A WESTERN CANADIAN LAKE

## To the Hunters

JOHN RITCHEY

*These are the ones you hunt,  
You men with guns,  
And dogs with hanging tongues  
And bitter breath;  
These are the frightened people,  
The hunted ones  
Living in terror  
With the thoughts of death.*

*These are a helpless people  
Whom you kill,  
Having scant weapons  
That they can employ,  
What is the quarrel?  
Where do they offend?  
Whose is the word  
That bids you to destroy?*

*What comfort have they  
Who are so bereft?  
It is their woods  
You desecrate with death!*

## Characters in the Bird World

WILLIS MEHANNA

THE three most common species of the blackbird in the midwest are the redwing, large or crow blackbird, and cowbird.

The redwing is very beautiful and has interesting habits. It frequents ponds and streams and nests in the tall weeds at the water's edge. It lives on the insect life that abounds in such places and it is desirable as well as useful and beautiful. Because of its courageous disposition and great activity it very readily takes care of itself. Redwings seldom travel in flocks.

The cowbird is the black sheep of the family. However, it does some good for often quite a number of these birds can be seen keeping company with a grazing horse or cow in the pasture. They are after the bugs and insects the big animal scares up as it feeds along in the pasture. But the cowbird is said to lay its eggs in the nests of other birds to be reared by foster parents. So it seems that while some creatures of the lower creation have almost human intelligence some have human frailties.

The large, purple or crow blackbird is more numerous, more interesting and more useful than the others. It has unjustly been accused of scratching up newly planted corn, but I have been observing it for fifty years and have never seen it do such a thing.

The big blackbird nests high up in trees near a stream or pond. In the spring these birds come in flocks from the South and go back the same way late in the fall. They often travel in flocks of several hundreds and the up-and-down motion of individual birds suggests the rhythm of a cotillion. They are recognized in song and literature.

## Nixon Waterman Says:

SOME years ago a friend of mine was made the recipient of visits, in her home, from a sociable red squirrel who dwelt in the woods not too far away. She found he was very fond of filberts which she provided in plenty for him. But notwithstanding his growing familiarity with the surroundings, he never seemed to feel disposed to devour the filberts in the room where he found them. It may be he was timid about displaying his table manners before other members of his family. So with a considerable loss of time and more than a little trouble he conveyed the filberts, one by one, to his nest at some distance.

Did he finally grow tired of making these journeys forth and back? Somebody has said, "Necessity is the mother of invention." Some one else has sought to improve upon the original by saying, "Laziness is the mother of invention." And doubtless it is true that the tiresome iteration of doing some prosaic task over and over has stirred the weary worker to thinking up some mechanical gadget that would do the work for him or at least make it easier. Be that as it may, reason or instinct, or whatever the disciples of the Messrs. Trowbridge or Burroughs may choose to call it, the squirrel, seemingly tired of carrying the filberts, one by one, to his own store-house, set about trying to devise a way to lessen his tasks.

One day he was observed trying to get two of the filberts, which were of various sizes, into his jaws at once. Had he reasoned or "instincted" that by doubling his load he would get on twice as fast? It had previously been observed that the squirrel had always shown a disposition to choose the largest of the nuts to carry away.

The thought, if we can so call it, seemed to dominate his movements when he was first discovered trying to get two of the nuts into his jaws at one time. If the creature had possessed a deep fund of reasoning power he would have known that with one large nut in his jaws it would be very difficult for him to encompass another large nut, and next to impossible for him to secure another smaller nut with his necessarily already wide open jaws.

There was only one way in which to achieve his purpose; that was to lay hold of a small nut first, store it well back in his mouth and then with a large nut firmly held in the front of his jaws, make off with his double load. That was precisely what the squirrel taught himself to do. Thereafter there was no more wasting time scurrying with half a load. He had learned the clever trick of how to carry two filberts at a time.

I have never known another instance of squirrel intelligence just like the foregoing, though such incidents may be familiar to others. In this connection I may add that while I have fed very many chickadees at my bird restaurant, I have never observed but one of the many who preferred to carry their food away to devour it, clever enough to carry two sunflower seeds at a time.

Attention is called to the humane films, "In Behalf of Animals" and "The Bell of Atri" described on the inside cover page.



## What Do Dogs Think About

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

**M**EMBERS of the human family who so calmly declare that animals are made of a different and inferior substance from ours and do not think, plan, rejoice and suffer as we do, are making dogmatic statements about a matter that is entirely beyond their ken. Our lack of a speech medium for reaching them makes animals an eternal mystery to us. But we have frequent indications that temperamentally, as one might phrase it, they are very much like us.

The writer has recently come to know two dogs whose thought-processes have interested him extremely. One of them is a great joker, and the other suffered a bereavement with a tenderness and at the same time a stout-heartedness that was infinitely touching.

The humorous animal, so to speak the canine Will Rogers, is a big, exuberant collie who lives on a farm in northern Iowa. The cotton-tails are thick about his place, and it is his chief delight to torment them. It strikes him as a delicious witticism to catch a rabbit and bury him. Long ago the rabbits have learned that it is impossible to escape from him and a risky business to cross him. So when he darts up and seizes one, the canny little animal sits perfectly still and allows him to pull the dirt and debris over it to his entire satisfaction, and remains motionless in its play-grave till he has grown tired of the joke and bounds off to some other occupation. Then it crawls cautiously out and proceeds to get out of harm's way as fast as possible. In this amusing game it does not seem that the dog ever injures the rabbit in the slightest.

The pathetic incident of mother and dead child occurred in the outskirts of an Oklahoma village. A gentle, unprepossessing old mongrel belonging to a family in the edge of town, gave birth last summer to two plump pups. One of them is now a boisterous, heavy-set fellow who has never known an hour of discomfort in his life. But the other, when it was only a few weeks old, fell ill of some mysterious malady and pined away. One afternoon the small son of the family, a boy of nine or ten, was digging in the garden lot back of the house. The mother-dog came back to him from the yard, carrying the pup in her mouth. She laid it down at his feet, and waited. The boy examined the little dog and found it cold in death. The mother stood and whined a little, looking first into the boy's face, then at her dead child. The little fellow thought he understood what the mother-dog was trying to say to him. He dug a big hole in the soft earth with his hoe, laid the pathetic little wasted body in the hole, and covered it with earth. The mother waited till the grave was completely filled and the soil stamped down hard over it, then she turned and went back to what remained of her family.

She no doubt took comfort in the thought that the little soul had gone to what our parents used to call "Dog Heaven."

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.



"ANIMALS \* \* \* AN ETERNAL MYSTERY TO US"

## The Balance of Nature

EWEN K. PATTERSON

**W**HENEVER man contrives to upset that delicate adjustment known as the "balance of Nature" he has to suffer for it. This has been proved time and time again in every civilized country, and in Australia it is being proved at the present time. Lately a number of very destructive plagues have developed in Australia, and these are a direct result of man's wanton slaughter of animals and birds.

In Eastern Australia a grasshopper plague, the worst of the kind Australia has ever known—has been causing millions of dollars' worth of damage monthly to crops and pastures. This plague, efforts to control which have already cost a small fortune, has simply developed as a result of the destruction by man of the insects' natural bird enemies, chiefly the ibis and the bustard. This was realized when a naturalist found upwards of 10,000 infant grasshoppers in the crop of one ibis at the end of a day's foraging. As a result of this discovery, these birds are now protected by law, and it is a criminal offense for any person to shoot them. But it will take many years for the birds to increase sufficiently in numbers to keep the grasshoppers in check.

In Queensland a saw-fly pest has also developed and is responsible for the destruction of thousands of head of cattle every year. This pest has only been brought about by the ruthless slaughter of possums for their furry skins. These marsupials have been almost exterminated by hunters. The animals formerly kept the saw-fly under control, by feeding on the insects' eggs, which are laid in the leaves of gum-trees. At any rate, all scientific attempts to control this pest have proved unsuccessful, and now, to adjust the "balance of Nature," the Government is frantically setting apart and stocking possum sanctuaries in the pest-ridden areas once populous with the marsupials but now trapped out. But in this case also, it will

be many years before the marsupials are plentiful enough to be able to keep the saw-fly in check.

Within the last few months a serious rat plague has also developed in the tropical regions of Northern Queensland. This plague, which is the worst of the kind Australia has ever known, has also resulted in an outbreak of a dreaded disease which affects humans; this is known as Weil's disease, and several deaths have already occurred from it. This plague is simply another result of man's thoughtless interference with the "balance of Nature," for it has arisen simply from man's wholesale killing of carpet snakes and pythons (which are the rat's natural enemies) for their skins to satisfy the demands of fashion. Until recently the skins of these snakes, which are entirely harmless reptiles, were in great demand, being used in the manufacture of ladies' shoes, handbags, etc. Now, however, this demand has ceased; the snakes are no longer hunted for their skins. But in many areas the reptiles have been well-nigh exterminated, and it will be a long time before they can again assist man by keeping the rats under control. Meanwhile, large sums of money are being spent in a "war" against the rats. Flame-throwers, such as were used in the Great War of 1914-1918, have even been brought into operation for destroying the rats' hiding places.

These plagues have taught Australia a lesson, and before any further killing of native birds and animals is permitted, investigations will be made as to whether any pests are likely to develop as a result of the killing.

In Australia it has been definitely proved that plagues of this nature cannot successfully be controlled by artificial methods. The only satisfactory results are obtained by biological control—by adjusting the "balance of Nature;" that is, by bringing into the "war" the pests' natural enemies.

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1936

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

## Oil Pollution of Coastal Waters

WE have received from the League of Nations a very full account of the meetings of the Committee representing the League to deal with this serious question. Letters have been sent out to the world's maritime powers asking for replies as to the best methods to combat this evil. These replies have been discussed by the Committee. The practicability of oil separators, the distances at which oil may be discharged from ships without danger of its drifting into coastal waters, and apparently every other question that could be raised with regard to this problem has been discussed by the Committee.

It will surprise many to learn that oil discharged at sea may be found to form a film upon certain waters when winds and currents have been favorable which has reached coasts 150 miles away.

The Committee was composed of representatives from Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the Division of Western European Affairs, the United States, Italy, Japan, Norway, Denmark, France. A convention of all the maritime powers will be called as soon as the necessary preliminaries can be taken care of. Such a convention was held in Washington in 1926. No satisfactory agreement, however, was reached at that time, at least no action was taken binding all the powers to its enforcement.

Four million pounds of beef, five million pounds of pork is estimated as the annual national loss from bruises the result of ignorance, mishandling and at times cruelty. The national loss in money is estimated variously from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. This from an address before the Livestock Loss Prevention Association of Ohio. Who will ever know the millions saved the great packing industry in this country as the result of humane education and the work of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us.

## An English Victory

FROM the Royal S. P. C. A. comes the good news that after years of hard work and much expense on the part of the Society the British Board of Jews has issued instructions that the Weinberg Casting Pen must be used in all slaughter-houses in Great Britain where Jewish slaughtering takes place. This is a great victory won. The old, and almost universally used, method of casting has been to jerk the animal up by a chain or rope attached to a wheel, causing it to fall violently upon the hard floor of the slaughter-house. The Weinberg Revolving Pen lays the animal gently on the floor and in position for the use of the knife. This Pen has recently been greatly improved. Great Britain is rapidly moving far ahead of us in this country in securing humaner methods in the slaughter of fool animals.

## In Honor of a Stag-hunter

October 8, last, a strange service to be held in a Christian church took place in the Children's Chapel of Exeter Cathedral, England. A stained glass window was dedicated in memory of one Hugh, 4th Earl of Fortescue, for years the leading stag-hunter in Devon and Somerset, responsible, so it was reported, for the killing of "probably over 5,000 stags and hinds." Many protests were made by humanitarians against placing such a memorial in the cathedral. The window was a high tribute to St. Hubert as a stag-hunter. That this St. Hubert should be considered as the Patron Saint of hunters is rather surprising as he was converted from stag-hunting and should, therefore, as one has said, "be remembered as the Patron Saint of the tortured victims."

Perhaps we in this country should not criticize. Twice in recent years we have read of some clergyman at his church doors blessing the hounds as they made ready for the hunt.

## The Sandwich Men and Women

The English humane societies have a way of protesting against acts of inhumanity, or pleading for their cause, which we might well adopt. For example: The Lord Mayor of London put on a great show sometime ago. It included as attractions representations of a decadent sport, fox hunting, animals destined for slaughter were paraded on the streets, and by implication also the acts of performing animals were approved. Ten humane organizations contributed sixty sandwich men, each bearing front and back a large poster protesting against the show as degrading and demoralizing. The poster parade, it is said, extended the whole length of Victoria Street. The answer of the Lord Mayor's Mansion to the letters of protest and of public disapproval was as follows:

"A number of letters have been received from members of some minor bodies. We are taking no notice of them."

We honor the sixty sandwich men vastly more than we do the Lord Mayor.

## Norway's New Humane Laws

BY an Act of June, 1935, Norway's new laws for the protection of animals from cruelty went into effect. They cover a multitude of specific cases and, in general, would seem to meet about every form of cruelty. One quite unsatisfactory feature about them is that the King can annul certain of them at his pleasure. For example, the "King may grant permission to certain persons in certain specific places to carry out in the interests of science painful experiments on animals." He can also make such rules as he deems necessary for the enforcement of this law. He can also issue regulations for the transport of animals and for the use of animals in transporting goods and passengers.

Here are a number of interesting special prohibitions: To hit an animal with a stick, with a rope or cord, either knotted or having metal spikes or such like attached, is forbidden; to train or use animals for shows or films in any way to cause harm or pain is forbidden, also to put a cord or ring in the snout of a pig to stop it from rooting; to castrate poultry, to feed poultry forcibly for fattening, to organize or maintain a menagerie, to dock the tails of horses, to use live fish for bait.

We congratulate the Norwegian humane societies upon the work they must have done to secure so much in the way of humane legislation.

## Encouraging

Here is good news for all who have been discouraging the gifts to children of toys which have to do with firearms and the things that have to do with war. We copy it from the *Boston Herald*:

**"'Pacifist' Toys Replace Soldier by Scout, 'G' Man"**

The tin soldier, traditional companion of childhood, is almost non-existent this Christmas since toy manufacturers have gone pacifist. His place has been largely taken by the "G" man. Even the ABC blocks which used to carry the soldier's picture on the block which illustrated "S" now have pictures of scouts. Toy manufacturers, in developing a social consciousness, have decided to make no toy which would encourage children to play games suggesting killing.

The United States Biological Survey, after as careful a census as was possible, estimated that probably some 20,000,000 waterfowl have flown South this year, and further says that the gunners of the United States will kill and get between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 of them. The More Game Birds Foundation, a gunners' organization, asks us to believe the incredible when they say that a census taken by airplanes flying over marshy grounds increased the number to 60,000,000 or 70,000,000. A census of game birds by airplanes! "Believe it or not"—certainly "not."

**Join the Jack London Club—a great movement whose goal is the prevention of cruelty to performing animals.**





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#### MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers . .	14,995
Cases investigated . . . . .	469
Animals examined . . . . .	5,993
Animals placed in homes . . . . .	140
Lost animals restored to owners . . .	50
Number of prosecutions . . . . .	7
Number of convictions . . . . .	6
Horses taken from work . . . . .	13
Horses humanely put to sleep . . . .	45
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,290
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected . . . . .	55,551
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep . . . . .	17

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of George F. S. Singleton of Franklin, and Allie L. B. Ellis of Southbridge.

January 14, 1936

#### ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

##### and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

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C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

##### Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

##### Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D.

H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

##### Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	911	Cases	2,553
Dogs	694	Dogs	2,051
Cats	201	Cats	455
Birds	9	Birds	40
Rabbits	4	Goats	3
Horses	3	Horses	2
		Squirrel	1
		Rabbit	1

Operations 1,021

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 . . . . . 135,303

Dispensary Cases . . . . . 324,816

Total . . . . . 460,119

##### The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital . . . . . 130

Cases entered in Dispensary . . . . . 402

Operations . . . . . 165

#### MASS. S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Some Prosecutions in December

For his failure to provide his livestock with proper shelter, a farmer pleaded guilty and was fined \$25.

The driver of an automobile ran over a dog and did not stop to ascertain extent of its injuries. He was charged with subjecting dog to unnecessary torture, found guilty, and was fined \$10. He was also required to pay the value of the dog which had to be killed.

For permitting a horse to be worked when it was afflicted with gall-sores, a defendant was convicted but only required to pay costs of the court. Another defendant paid a fine of \$20 for non-feeding his horse.

The owner of fifty-one head of cattle was prosecuted for failing to provide fit and proper shelter for his animals, the conditions being such as to warrant the charge of subjecting the animals to unnecessary torture. He was found guilty and sentenced one month to the House of Correction.

#### "Look on This—Look on That"

There is something about a deer which commands admiration; whether it is the trusting innocence of the animal or its unrivaled beauty doesn't matter, comments *The Carroll Journal* of Carrollton, Ohio. But to see one go by, as one did here Saturday afternoon, glassy-eyed and blood-spotted and hamshackled to an automobile, is the most revolting sight this side of civilization.

## The Horses' Christmas Dinner

REPEATING a custom which was started a score of years ago, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. distributed free Christmas dinners to work-horses on the day before the holiday.

From a large platform truck, loaded with a generous supply of provisions and drawn by three horses abreast, bags of feed consisting of oats, chopped carrots and apples were passed out to drivers of teams or placed upon their trucks. Hot coffee and doughnuts were a welcome treat to many drivers on one of the coldest days of the season.

Using India Square as a base, more than two hundred individual bags of feed were filled and carried by a small motor truck to South Boston and Charlestown where many horses were reached. The horses of the street peddlers in the market district also received a generous "helping" as they stood for long hours in the cold.

The Horses' Christmas is approved by many who expect its observance and contribute towards it. It is much more than a mere humane gesture. It is a deserving recognition of the faithful service yet rendered by our old friends, reduced in numbers, to be sure, and perhaps increasingly lost sight of in the maelstrom of mechanical transportation.

The best deer story comes from Marshfield. Roy Joseph of that town was out on the hunt when a deer appeared within a few feet of him. Joseph could have killed the animal with a knife, if necessary, but something happened. With those lustrous eyes turned upon him, Mr. Joseph could not pull the trigger of his gun. Ambition of youth, the rivalry with fellow sportsmen, these said 'Shoot' but something higher and finer said 'No.' The young man turned and made his way home. His was the prouder part. —*Scituate Herald*



#### A Remarkable Cow

This is not the famous cow with the crumpled horn, but one worthy of note. She is twenty-four years old. For eleven years she has had no calf to warm her motherly heart, but she has still kept right on rewarding her owners, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fletcher of Freedom, Maine, with the daily supply of four quarts of milk.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

#### Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

#### SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR DECEMBER, 1935

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 1,340  
Number of addresses made, 459  
Number of persons in audiences, 58,106

### Safe Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill it in and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)  
The American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name .....  
Age .....  
Address .....

### Dickens and Household Pets

THE one hundred and twenty-fourth birthday of Charles Dickens will be celebrated February 7. Mrs. Helen H. Edmonds, of San Diego, writes:

We find in the writings of Charles Dickens frequent mention of hearth friends in the animal world. One must be stoical indeed not to experience a tightening of the throat at the delicate account (in "Dombey and Son") of the lovelorn great-hearted Toots, salvaging that ridiculous syndicate of a canine, "Diogenes," which Paul had loved, and presenting it to the bereaved Florence. And even the bullied and unprepossessing terrier, the companion of Bill Sykes, had his good points, being, indeed, faithful unto death. For Dora Copperfield's spoiled spaniel, "Jip," her creator has not so much admiration, yet the account of its last moments, coinciding with those of the frail "child wife," is infinitely touching. Dickens' dogs were not confined to the written page, however. He kept several of the larger breed and named one "Bumble" because of a "peculiarly pompous manner he had of appearing to mount guard over the yard when he was an absolute infant." But perhaps most of all Dickens loved feathered friends, for they are mentioned in his works rather constantly. When Nell of "Old Curiosity Shop" fame had "fallen on sleep" we are told that her little bird was stirring numbly in the cage, and the brave heart of the child mistress was "mute and motionless forever." Then Barnaby Rudge and his raven, "Grip," are inseparably connected in our minds, and here Dickens has obviously drawn a portrait for he was particularly fond of ravens, and at different times kept two.

### "Tess" is Dead

And "Tess" was a horse. For eleven years of her life of twenty-two she was used to produce the serum supposed to prevent men and animals from death by lockjaw. No matter whether the reader of these words believes in serums or is wholly opposed to them, this fine mare during the last half of her life, knowing nothing of what it meant, gave out of her body the serum the medical profession demanded. Even to the battlefields in France it was sent and hundreds believe that because of her they are alive today. Be that as it may, the American Legion in Pontiac, Michigan, November 11, 1928, Armistice Day, put her in a float and carried her through the streets of the city. This was to show the honor in which they held her. At last she was pensioned off and spent her last days, it is said, in comfort, playful, gentle in disposition, and an object of interest to many a visitor. She was at least credited by all who knew her as worthy of honor and affection.

Kidnaping. A Persian cat was kidnaped from the home of a San Antonio lady recently and a note sent demanding a ransom of \$5. "Put it in a tin can and leave the can in your front yard." Of course it really was catnaped for kidnaped comes from the word kid, as probably all know, and the English word nap to seize.

### DECEASED FRIENDS

Who Made Bequests to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society in 1935

NOTE:—Names of all earlier deceased friends, making similar bequests, appear in the issues of *Our Dumb Animals* for February, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934 and 1935.

Miss Edith Babcock, Milton  
Editha C. Bagnall, Springfield  
Maria A. Barlow, Ware  
Helen C. Butterfield, Wakefield  
Mary L. Crawford, Boston  
Katharine C. Davis, Boston  
David J. Edwards, Boston  
Allie L. B. Ellis, Southbridge  
Isabella H. Ellison, Lunenburg  
Elizabeth P. L. Emmons, Hingham  
L. Blanche Endres, Fitchburg  
Grace Julia Fish, Roslindale  
Mary W. Gilbert, Newton  
Jessie A. Goddard, Newton  
Beatrice L. Hall, North Attleboro  
Mrs. Sarah A. Hall, South Sudbury  
George Harrington, Winchester  
Leota Saladie von Kieffer, Marblehead  
Myra R. Knowlton, Boston  
Mrs. Caroline E. Littlefield, Worcester  
Charles Martin Turnov Loeffler, Medfield  
Eliza F. Mallalieu, Newton  
Mary A. Mullen, Holyoke  
Kate H. Muller, Watertown  
Melvin L. Parker, Springfield  
Florence B. Pettee, Newton  
Fred A. Pond, Framingham  
Marion G. Pratt, Middleboro  
Annie F. Selfridge, Boston  
George F. S. Singleton, Southbridge  
Willa Bell Spencer, Staunton, Virginia  
Joseph B. Tilton, Mt. Desert, Maine  
Sarah L. Whitmarsh, Beverly

### American Fondouk, Fez

Report for November, 1935 — 30 Days

Daily average large animals	42.1	
Forage for same		\$ 75.53
Daily average dogs	5.6	
Forage for same		5.58
Put to sleep	31	15.73
Transportation		14.90
Wages, groomers, etc.		56.07
Resident secretary's salary		131.93
Superintendent's salary		82.45
Veterinary's salary		29.65
Sundries		34.67
		\$ 446.54

ENTRIES: 12 horses, 15 mules, 49 donkeys.

EXITS: 5 horses, 11 mules, 35 donkeys.

OUTPATIENTS TREATED: 44 horses, 64 mules, 54 donkeys, 17 dogs, 1 cat.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: Kilometres traveled, 142; Cases investigated, 310; Animals seen, 4,848; Animals treated, 1,158; Animals transferred to Fondouk American, 37; Pack-saddles (infected), destroyed, 13.

#### ONE DAY'S WORK

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH: At 7:30 A. M. went first to the Souk el Khemis through Bou Jeloud and Bab Mahrouk, where stayed half an hour. Inspected 335 animals at the Souk, treated 59. Returned to Fondouk through Place Baghdadi where inspected donkeys carrying straw, and Fes Jedid. Burnt in the Souk one bad pack-saddle. An Englishman telephoned from the V. N. asking us to send a man in order to hospitalize a wounded donkey. Sent the stable boy. This donkey had wounds made by the bit. At 11, Mr. Ancey, member of the Chambre de Commerce of Fes visited the Fondouk. P. M. At 2, went to Bab Ftouh inspection through Bab Jedid the Bou Hajjara and Makhfia, 27 native fondouks, saw 271 animals, treated 91, hospitalized one mule and one donkey. Returned to Fondouk at 5:15 P. M. Owner of horse sick with Lymphangitis refuses to authorize us to kill this horse, which is incurable. Following advice of our Vet. I ordered him to send it out in the country, far from other animals.

#### SECRETARY GENERAL'S NOTES:

Since last spring, the Mayor, M. Lemaire, the Pacha, and the Police, have not only shown greatly increased interest, but give of the public's time true and most valuable aid to the Fondouk, as also insisting with the natives that they as a Government uphold and employ the American Fondouk.

## Lincoln's Love of Animals

F. F.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was seven years old when his family moved to Indiana from his birthplace in Kentucky, in 1816. The forests that were everywhere about them were filled with wild animals; raccoons, squirrels, opossums, skunks, wildcats, bears, deer, wolves, panthers, turkeys, grouse, quail, ducks and geese, with pigeons flying overhead in flocks that obscured the sun. The boy grew up in a land of wild plenty. And yet young Abe did not participate in the hunting and fishing of his fellows. He was, from the first, tender hearted with animals.

In the winter of 1818-19, while attending school near Gentryville, Ind., he found the other children one day putting hot coals on the back of a turtle and he quickly stopped that and wrote some short paragraphs saying what he thought of any cruelty to animals. A little later, at school, he wrote some short compositions on that subject. He was hurt by any display of brutality toward animals and it was not his way to remain silent where his sympathies were stirred. Any degree of animal suffering aroused him to do all he could to stop it.

Lincoln's thoughtfulness for animals did not leave him as he grew up. He stopped at Caleb Carman's house one day, after he had been elected to the Illinois legislature, and took on his lap two kittens. He compared their heads, saying "Jane has a better countenance than Susan." He became so much interested in the two pets that, when starting for Vandalia for the first session of the legislature, he left word with the Carmans that they were to take good care of the kittens.

While living at the White House, absorbed deeply in affairs of state, Lincoln still found time to concern himself with pet animals. On April 2, 1862, he troubled to write to Michael Crock of Philadelphia: "My dear sir; allow me to thank you in behalf of my little son for your present of white rabbits. He is much pleased with them. Abraham Lincoln."

One of his telegrams, sent from the War Department to Mrs. Lincoln, who was away from Washington with their boy, Tad, said; "Tell Tad the goats and father are very well, especially the goats." Again he telegraphed: "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats."

Tad's goats were privileged characters about the White House, because of Lincoln's fondness for animals and his anxiety to have Tad amused. The pair were destroyed in a fire that burned the White House stables, February 1, 1864. Lincoln was in deep distress over this fire and Tad himself climbed on the stable roof and would have gone down through the ventilator to save his pony, had he not been stopped and ragged to safety. He was put to bed in great grief, the grief only partly lessened when he was allowed to have on the bed with him the two white hounds he loved, "Sumter" and "Pensacola."

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Boston, when making your will.

## Pigeons as News Carriers

GENEVRA COWAN

ANNUALLY, all Los Angeles newspapers vie with each other on New Year's Day to obtain the first photographs of the Rose Bowl Football classic at Pasadena. Intricate and carefully laid are the plans of each news sheet to rush the precious negatives to their respective Los Angeles dark rooms, into the newspaper, thence onto the metropolitan streets.

The aid of a motorcycle rider is frequently employed but the traffic maze is a difficult one to negotiate. Airplanes are impractical as there are no landing facilities either at the Bowl or near the newspaper offices. So this year, one newspaper "out-smarted" its competitors by using highly trained homing pigeons.

John S. Michalak, government supervisor of homing pigeons in nine western states, was on the sidelines at the Rose Bowl, with his birds. As each photograph was snapped, it was taken from the camera and placed in an aluminum container which was fastened to the back of a bird. He then released the pigeon and at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, it soared its way back to its loft near the newspaper office. Its precious cargo delivered, the most important phase of the journey was completed; these photos reaching the public sometime before others.

## Washington's First Wish

My first wish is to see the whole world in peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.

GEORGE WASHINGTON



THEIR NAMES ARE "WATCH" AND "WARD"

## Pride of Our Farm

ALICE JONES

MY six sisters and I had been promised a horse of our own. My small brother had a pony that had been given him by an uncle and Father did not feel that he could afford to keep two ponies; we felt that we would be happy with just a gentle work horse, even if it had to do farm work a part of the time.

Often Father went to farm sales and each time he told us that we might expect a new horse. We stood many times at the gate waiting for our father to return with the promised horse, and we had almost lost hope. One day as we were looking anxiously up the road awaiting his return, we all gave a shout of surprise and happiness. Father was riding "Old Dick" but leading another horse behind! Our joy knew no bounds, and as we looked at our new horse we wondered about his name.

My first thought was, "How proud he is!" He had a sleek bay coat, thick glossy mane and tail and held his head proudly erect. I said to my sisters, "Let's call him Pride," and so he was our "Pride" to the end of the chapter. How proud we were of him when he took the younger members of our family to school, two miles away. Often we would turn him loose at the school and he would go back home and into his stall. When it was time to return from school, our father would start him up the road and he would gallop up to the school-house and wait patiently until we were ready. He had, or so it seemed to us, strong likes and dislikes. When my small brother would go into the barn to put the bridle on him, he would hold his nose high into the air, and no amount of pulling or persuasion could get it down. He had a way of turning his head to glance at each of us as we entered the barn that was all his own. If my small brother went to the pasture and called him, he would kick up his heels and gallop off; but if any other member of the family called him, he would come trotting up quickly. Father soon discovered the reason for all this. When Pride was a very young horse the family that owned him had a boy who was very rough in his treatment of horses; he was told that Pride would even kick and bite at him, and did not seem to like boys after that. The second owner said he had proved to be a very gentle horse, and he had always trusted him with his four daughters.

When in the pasture or working in the field with the other horses,



he always seemed superior to them, and I think the pony felt this very keenly.

Pride seemed to have a great affection for mother. One day she led him through the kitchen gate up to the kitchen door where we children fed him apples and sugar but he would accept no such offering from my brother; he would have none of it, and would hold his head high in the air until some one else offered the dainty titbits. After this, he was almost a daily morning visitor at our kitchen door and knew all the arts of untying knots in ropes and opening gates. Many times he has been known to untie the halter rope and go to the corn-crib and eat his breakfast; he never ate more than was good for him.

A school teacher boarding at our house wished to ride horseback to her home eight miles away to spend the week end. She rode proudly on the back of Old Pride. It was the first time he had been over this road, but in the morning when Father went to the barn to do the chores, there was Pride in his stall, glancing somewhat sheepishly at Father as he entered.

And, finally, when we were all grown up children, and he had lost his usefulness on the farm, except for an occasional gentle ride by the grandchildren, he roamed at will over the farm, enjoying his old age; he still kept the same sleek coat and proud manner of his youth. One day Father noticed that he seemed ill and he was put into the most comfortable stall and tended with utmost care. Early one morning Mother heard a familiar sound at the kitchen door. There stood Pride—his proud head bent low. She gave him some sugar and a few gentle pats; he seemed to be saying "Good-bye." He turned away, opened the gate and walked toward the orchard. Shortly after this Mother went to look for him. She found him—dead, under a large apple tree in the shade of which he had so often rested and which he loved.

## Birds of Cocos

LESTER BANKS

WITH good reason, Cocos has been called the most romantic island in the world, for it is the burial place of countless pirates and, it is rumored, of their treasures as well. Many brave men have journeyed to this tiny spot of land in the Pacific Ocean in search of treasure, but if they have been successful in finding any they have kept very quiet about it.

The island is famous, not only for its treasure and its beautiful scenery, but also for its birds which live there by the thousands. Hardly does a ship drop anchor offshore before myriads of boobies—(so-called because they are very stupid) and noddys terns invade the vessel. All doors have to be closed to prevent the feathered trespassers from practically filling the boat.

Literally, the sailors have to fight the birds as they go about their duties on board and when a man goes ashore he must cover his face to protect it from the sharp beaks and the large thrashing wings.

The birds nest by the hundreds in low trees along the shore of Cocos Island and live principally on fish, catching their prey as neatly as any Chinese fishing cormorant.

## Bats: a Great Surprise

BEATRICE M. PARKER in "Fergus News-Record"



WHEN a friend told me that there are few creatures that are so interesting and that have been so little studied as the bat, I made up my mind that I would conquer my dislike for this animal and see for myself just how much interest I could get from studying one that took up her headquarters in the shed of my summer home.

I had a great surprise when I watched this little mother make her toilet. I had always heard that bats were very unclean and that they brought all kinds of bugs to any place they chose as their habitat. But I found that "Madame Silky," as I named her, was very particular about her appearance. It was a comical sight to see her accomplish her morning bath. First she washed her face with the back of one wing, surely a curious wash cloth for a little lady! Then she licked the wing clean to be sure that no dirt remained. Her body was washed by a combination of wing and hind foot, after which each washing implement was thoroughly cleansed. Those big ears came in for considerable attention. A hind foot for each ear accomplished the purpose, and after each washing each foot was again cleansed. Those hind feet certainly got their share of washing each day.

But what a job she made of washing her big wings! For a moment or two she wiggled this way and that as if to get a more satisfactory position. Then she seized a wing edge with her mouth and commenced to pull it through, bit by bit, as her tongue worked back and forth like a scrub woman's arm. How that wing membrane did stretch, and I could readily believe that it must have been made of silk elastic! Upper and lower sides were treated alike. Would she ever get it back to normal size and shape again! But she finally finished her bath, hung her head downward after a shake of her body and wing, and settled off to a good nap. She deserved it!

Madame Silky had won my heart, and I no longer had to force myself to visit her. In fact, it became one of the "look-ahead" enjoyments of the day. I have read that only swallows and swifts can compare with the bat in celerity of wing and agility, and I can easily believe it since becoming well acquainted with Madame Silky.

As she winged her way through the air in the dusky twilight, she seemed like some wonderful ace of our aviation corps,

doing flying stunts. This way and that she flew, making turns in the air that seemed almost impossible. Her mouth was always wide open to scoop in the insects she met. She also has a net that she carries with her, and thus has a great advantage over her bird acquaintances. This is the wing membrane that she stretches between her hind legs and her tail and is doubled up as she flies, like an apron. The insects are caught in this net, and Madame Silky reaches down and gobbles them up.

I called her Madame Silky because her fur is as fine and as soft as the best silk. After we became so well acquainted that at my call she would come to be fed, taking insects from my fingers, I occasionally stroked her back as she voiced that toy-wheel-barrow-like squeak of contentment. Perhaps she thought she was purring or crooning to me, but bats do not have musical voices, and one can note the difference only by the quality of the squeak. An enemy or a quarreling neighbor causes her to squeak in a manner that allows no mistake as to its intent of warning. That squeak is very harsh, and one is surprised to hear such a noise coming from such a little throat.

But when she brought her family around for me to see, what a proud little mother she appeared! Baby bats are born during July and are usually twins, although sometimes there are three babies in a litter. She cuddles them in her soft wings as they eat. Her method of taking them for an airing is to let them cling tightly to her neck as she flies about in her search for insects. But when she wishes to go out alone, she hangs them up, one at a time, on a convenient twig, and there they stay, heads down, until she returns to cuddle them some more.

Yes, in my study of Madame Silky I was given a great surprise, for I had no idea that a bat could be so entertaining and interesting.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston, Mass.

## Youngsters in Distress

CORNELIA BENNINGHOFF

HAVE you ever tried to be a foster parent to a wild creature? I have, to a family of orphaned marmots and the experience was entertaining enough to more than pay for the trouble.

It came about in this way. The sound of dogs barking in a cottonwood grove a quarter of a mile distant had been wafted to us for a period of several days and nights, when quite suddenly the sound ceased. "Well," I said, "Our neighbors' dogs at last have caught whatever they've been watching. They take turns, so nothing can escape them."

Then because I had not troubled to investigate the matter, my conscience began to bother me and I persuaded my husband to share a ramble through the woods. A strange red animal lay dead under a tree. "A marmot," said my husband, turning it over with his shoe, "a nursing female. Dogs killed her. They kept her up that tree until in a desperate attempt to reach her young ones she came down."

After a fruitless half hour's search among the rocks to find the young marmots my husband grew impatient. "But I won't go home without the little ones, that is if they are still alive!" I explained firmly. Then he began to hunt in earnest. "Look in that tree behind you, about twenty feet up," he whispered. "There's one with his head stuck out of a hole." Its bright beady eyes were watching us intently.

The mother marmot had selected an old hollow-trunked cotton-wood for a home and seven little marmots the size of barn rats were still alive in the hollow. After the tree had been cut down it was no small task to get them out. Although mere bundles of skin and bones they fought fiercely. They were almost starved to death! But thick leather gloves and persistence conquered and they were captured and dropped one by one into a sack. We carried them home and emptied the bag into a large box. Then one by one they were forcibly fed warm milk with a teaspoon. Feeding them, consumed most of my spare time for several days but soon they learned to drink from a pan and ate almost anything given them, especially fresh clover of which they consumed bushels.

They grew fat, red and shiny and were indeed a fair and pleasurable sight when all seven, sitting erect, were munching away at pieces of biscuit held in small paws. The noise made by seven pairs of little jaws was rather surprising. They did not become at all tame but safely could be picked up without the use of gloves.

After six weeks we decided they were old enough to shift for themselves so one sunny morning we carried them up the mountain side, loosing them in a place which seemed to have home-like possibilities.

Sometimes when we are driving over Teton Pass and marmots scurry across the road to hide until the fancied danger is past, perhaps one, unafraid and different than the rest, stands erect to watch us go by. Then we smile and say, "See! How brave that one is! Probably, one of the little orphans!"

## More about Hawk Mountain

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

HAWS, falcons, swift accipiters, mighty eagles and buteos, truly magnificent birds, cross Hawk Mountain in great numbers each year in the late fall on their southward journeys through air. For more than twenty years marksmen have



RED TAILED HAWK

brought these birds down ruthlessly. Hundreds of them would be shot in a single day, many of them to drop only wing-clipped down despairingly into the thousand-foot deep canyon. Now they are given protection through the establishment, in 1934, of the Wild Life Sanctuary in eastern Pennsylvania.

The Keystone State gives no protection to hawks, although only a very few of the hawk family, numbering thirty branches, have been outlawed by our Federal Bureau of Biological Survey. Among these are the Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, and the goshawk. Most of the hawk family wage such relentless war on rats and field mice as to be of great benefit to farmers generally.

News of the new sanctuary has spread fast and, although this is only the third year of this migratory protection, this mountain has become a mecca for bird students. Ornithologists say that they know of no other place where these passing birds of prey may be so well observed, as the new peace they find here is becoming broadcast in their own way among the feathered fraternity.

A trained ornithologist and conservationist has been placed in charge of the new refuge, where wild animals will also receive what welcome may be accorded them within the existing laws in their behalf.

The refuge is proving to be a pulpit for the widespread preaching of that good bird gospel that many so-called birds of prey are friends instead of enemies of man.

Send one dollar for the bound volume of "Our Dumb Animals" for 1935.

## Gulls

EDGAR W. COBB

*They come, a phantom fleet,  
Out of the far, into the near;  
Like ships, their white wings beat  
The morning breeze. They have no fear,  
Brave gulls of Provincetown.*

*High noon, they range the deep;  
Rise high to scan, dip low to find,  
At last, with mighty sweep,  
To grasp the prey that feeds their kind,  
Great gulls of Provincetown.*

*Comes night, the day's work done,  
They disappear, as melting snow  
Before the noon-day sun.  
Each dawn they come, each dusk they go,  
White gulls of Provincetown.*

## A Floating Aviary

L. E. EUBANKS

THE conduct of birds at sea has always been an interesting subject. The motorship "Delftdyk" of Rotterdam throbbed a windswept sea far out of sight of land. Storm clouds drooped heavily and a gust of rain spattered across the bridge. Capt. John Stamperius, tucked his wool muffler more tightly on his chest, then looked aloft.

Down fluttered a tiny bird, exhausted. It crouched on the deck. A seaman picked it up tenderly and took it to the bridge. Captain Stamperius opened one of the many doors to the floating aviary and put the aerial adventurer inside. "Another for the collection," he said.

"Most of these birds," said Captain Stamperius, indicating the forty-odd inmates of the aviary, "came to me at sea. When they are lost and see the ship, they land on the deck, and they're not hard to catch."

In twenty years with the Holland-American line Captain Stamperius has acquired, either by accident or swapping, probably the most complete private aviary in all Holland. In his cages, which take up one whole wall on the lower bridge of the big refrigerator carrier, are Japanese thrush, saffron finches from Colombia, Holland blackbird, Cuban doves, rare canaries and two Clarke's crows. The last-mentioned represent a puzzle to students of bird-lore. They flew aboard the Delftdyk off the Gulf of Tehautepec, Lower California, when the weather was very hot. Yet Clarke's crows are not hot weather birds, being from the high altitudes. Those Holland blackbirds are wonderful singers, and Captain Stamperius was grieved when, during his ship's stay at a Spokane pier, one of them flew away.

"What do you feed them?" asked one of the passengers.

"Worms," answered Stamperius.

"Where do you get the worms?"

"Grow them," was the surprising answer; "look here."

He brought out a two-foot box, covered with screening, filled with oatmeal and leaves. In and out crawled a myriad of beetles.

"Before he is a beetle," said the captain, "he has to be a worm. So I have lots of worms."

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

## 1,425 New Bands of Mercy

One thousand, four hundred and twenty-five new Bands of Mercy were reported during December. Of these 534 were in Illinois, 363 in Georgia, 204 in Massachusetts, 133 in New York, 64 in Virginia, 54 in Florida, 45 in South Carolina, 12 in Pennsylvania, ten in Tennessee, four in Syria and one each in New Jersey and Palestine.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 214,165

## Christmas for the Birds

The Band of Mercy of the School Street School, Fitchburg, Mass., set up a Christmas-tree for the birds in the school yard. A committee decorated the tree with strings of food which they will renew whenever necessary during the winter. The members gathered around the tree at recess and sang carols. At a special Christmas meeting of the Band, Clifton Leupold showed suet cakes which he had prepared for the birds and explained how they were made. A play, entitled "A Good Christmas," was presented by the pupils of the third grade. These activities were carried out under the direction of the teacher, Mrs. Grace D. Proctor.

## Washington's Name

Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name an eulogy is expected. It can not be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.

A. LINCOLN

## Pet and Hobby Show

The Norfolk (Nebraska) Society for Humane Education conducted the Northeast Nebraska's Pet and Hobby Show at the Y. M. C. A. Building, Norfolk, on January 1, to promote among children and adults a greater interest in, and better care of their pets. There were many entries of various breeds of dogs as well as of mixed breeds. There were no charges whatever in connection with the show. Children's clubs are rapidly being organized by the Society.

That nation has not lived in vain which has given to the world Washington and Lincoln, the best great men and the greatest good men whom history can show.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

## Dog on Mail Route

HANS P. DREYER

A strange phenomenon was revealed recently in Brookfield, Missouri, when Lee Fletcher, veteran mail carrier in the business district, told his story.

Six years ago a white dog answering to the name of "Jiggs" was shot by the



"JIGGS" AND THE MAIL CARRIER

dog catcher and left for dead on the street. Lee Fletcher noticed that the dog was not dead and carried it to his garage and left it there. The dog disappeared for three weeks. Then things began to happen. A white dog stood on Tooley's corner every morning from then right on up to today, looking down Brooks Street towards the post office. When Lee Fletcher came with his satchel of mail the dog started to wag its tail and followed him on the route. It has done so every day for the past six years.

On Sundays and holidays Uncle Sam does not carry mail, but Jiggs, the mail-carrying dog, does not understand this, so he stands on Tooley's corner all day long on Sundays and holidays and waits for Lee Fletcher, the mail carrier, who does not come.

Rain or shine, snow or clear weather, the little white dog stands on the corner at 8 o'clock every morning, turning its head and looking down towards the post office. When Lee comes, the dog nonchalantly starts out and follows him over the entire route.

Some of the wise ones ask, if anything happens to Lee, the veteran, what will the faithful dog do?

## Humane Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

## Why Not a "Dog" Party?

ALICE B. PALMER

THE winter season brings suggestions for many interesting indoor entertainments. You will wish to add this fascinating "Dog" party to your list.

Have the rooms in your home in festive decoration for the occasion, to furnish a real "doggie" atmosphere. Ask your guests to bring pictures of dogs also, to be added to your clever display of "man's best friend."

Dogs of all sizes, colors and pedigrees in china, wood and paper must be in evidence throughout the house. It will be jolly good fun to take plenty of time in your selection of these pleasure producing items. Anticipation of the event will prove to be quite as interesting as the party itself.

Guests are given numbered tallies upon which appear dog silhouettes, and for each event on the program of entertainment, partners are secured. For the amusement of all, each is given the name of a dog to which he answers throughout the evening.

Now for the games: The first one is a dog hunt in which miniature dogs are found hidden throughout the home. These may be made of candy or cut from cardboard and placed in every conceivable nook and corner. The one locating the greatest number of dogs is awarded a prize of a beautiful china dog.

Then there is a drawing contest which gives the guests an opportunity to try their skill in the art of animal designing. This, too, calls for prizes and keys up the party with hilarious laughter.

Still another game is that of passing pictures of various kinds of dogs around the circle, the guests being required to name them as to family. This game is instructive as well as interesting and creates much pleasure for both young and old.

Luncheon for your dog party is later enjoyed at small tables which are appointed in a color ensemble of red, black and white. Each table is centered with a red taper tied with white tulle and supported in a black candlestick. White paper napkins are adorned with dog designs and place cards are inscribed with the "doggie" names of the guests. Miniature dogs of chocolate are the favors found at each place. Instead of the usual luncheon cloth, parchment doilies of "doggie" pictures center the table with duplicates at each place.

At the close of the evening, when all are delightfully fatigued from the romping, each guest is required to relate a true dog story, either of his own experience or that of another. This is a pleasant conclusion to your dog party as all are ready and willing to relax in earnest contemplation of the mental treat in store for them.

As this feature comes to a close and the guests are ready to depart, you still have another surprise for them at the door. The host or hostess of the evening, is dressed to represent a dog, having donned fur coat and dog-mask. He reaches out a great friendly paw (fur glove) to bid them one by one, farewell. This final sentiment, causing much excitement, creates an echo of laughter in the distance and proclaims your 1936 "Dog" party a huge success.



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## A Lesson in Living from Diana

CARROLL VAN COURT

(We call our little black kitten "Diana the Huntress," because she can hunt out a mouse or a cozy place to sleep and relax with equal ingenuity.)

*See her slowly stretch her legs,  
Letting out her claws;  
Co-ordination superfine,  
Knowing Nature's laws.  
Now she turns her tiny neck,  
Pretty as a queen;  
Gracefully she stretches out,  
Dignified, serene.  
Ah, what balance, skill and grace,  
In that form so pretty;  
It's an interesting sight,  
When I wake up Kitty!  
We can learn a bit of life  
By her demonstration;  
Kitty shows she really knows  
The Art of Relaxation.*

## The Star of Yesterday

TOM ROONEY

THE North Shore district of Metropolitan Chicago is growing familiar with little Maurice Murphy, son of George Murphy, Highwood, Illinois, and his sturdy pony, "Lazybones," and to see them loping along the busy highway, with smiling motorists slowing down to pass by, one is impressed with the picture they present.

There is strong contrast in the ages of Maurice and his charger, but the graveness of the latter is perhaps not engendered by time alone. No doubt the old fellow realizes the responsibility that is his. Or can it be that he is expressing mute and solemn gratitude to the world for his recent liberation from a cruel existence? Perhaps his memory often parades over a score of years, years replete with travel and the torturous adventure of circus life, wherein animals were often mistreated in order to learn the stunts which thrilled the vast audiences of the "big top." Even today, when the national anthem is played, this little horse will sit down and raise his right hoof in salute. He has not forgotten the trick taught to him during the World War, when he played before crowds of doughboys in Europe. He must still recall the stinging lashes from the trainer's whip which came frequently with promiscuous punctuation of boisterous curses. It was Maurice's big sister, Evelyn, who procured "Lazybones" for her brother. A tall man with dazzling vest ornaments and a five-gallon sombrero toyed with his whip and spat thoughtfully in the sawdust. "'Lazybones' ain't worth anything for turns any more," said the circus gentleman. "Too slow. Kind o' lost his nerve, too. But he's still a good little hoss for lots o' things. I sort o' hate to sell him."

There have been swifter mounts than "Lazybones," but none more dignified, intelligent, or friendly. He can prance like the steed of Galahad, whinny at his children friends with the alluring cadence of a merry laugh. He can play hide-and-seek with all the enthusiasm of a small boy on a Friday evening, when school is out and the lessons of Monday are far, far away.



GEORGE MURPHY MOUNTED ON "LAZYBONES"

## Crickets as Thermometers

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

DID you know that tree crickets are good and true thermometers? Those who have noted their chirping carefully have found it to be an excellent guide as to temperature. When this is high they chirp fast; as it falls the chirping gets slower and slower. When the temperature gage is fifty degrees Fahrenheit the crickets make no sound at all.

The effect of the temperature on the singing propensities of these little pale green creatures with the gauze-like wings is so definite that even the degree of temperature they register can be found by following this formula which is vouched for by scientists: Let N represent the number of chirps per second. Add forty to this number, and the result will be the Fahrenheit temperature, within a degree or two invariably.

When the crickets sing again in summer and early fall be sure to make this test for yourself—you who have the fine privilege of having crickets for near companions.

Answers to missing "Hidden Animals" puzzle last month: Caribou, panther, elephant, rabbit, horse, bison, beaver, ante-lope, baboon.

## "International Journal"

(Continued from page 19)

annual celebration of "Animal Day." It is noted that increasing numbers of societies are selecting 4th October, being St. Francis Day, and the 18th International Congress unanimously approved this selection. It is appropriate, therefore, that the illustration of the cover of this Journal should portray the Saint delivering his sermon to the birds.

- (3) The importance of closer co-operation of P. C. A. Societies within each country to promote efficiency, specialization and economy.
- (4) The need for uniformity and improvement of the regulations affecting the transport of animals within each country and from one country to another.
- (5) The promotion of humane reform in countries as yet backward in the matter of animal protection, and especially the institution in every country of some measure of legal regulation of experiments on animals.
- (6) The stimulation of interest in the proposed Convention initiated at the 84th Session of the League of Nations in January, 1935, on the subject of oil pollution (brought before the League through the instrumentality of the British Government).

The Journal is to be issued twice annually, in May and in December. The present issue has several pages devoted to news from Societies from Arica, Canada, the United States, Asia, Belgium, Estonia, France, Germany, England, Scotland, Greece, Holland, Ireland, Italy, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland. Then follow articles on Trapping, Reasons for the Slow Progress of Prevention of Cruelty Societies, The Idea of Animal Protection During the Course of Time up to the Present Day, Notes on Animal Welfare in Africa, Humane Education in Spain, and several shorter articles dealing with such problems as oil pollution of coastal waters, docking of horses' tails, and the electric stunning of animals.

There are more than 1,000 societies in the world organized for the protection of animals. Some 800 of these have been notified, through correspondence, of the Journal. The hope is that the greater part of these may be induced to become its subscribers. That this attractive Journal with its beautiful title page in color and its many illustrations can be issued twice a year for the small price of 1s 6d, including postage, puts it in reach of practically every humane society. Having carefully read it, we cannot refrain from urging all who are interested in this great cause for which it stands, both societies and individuals, not only to subscribe for it but, where possible, contribute toward the expense of its publication. Through its pages one can keep himself familiar with the progress of the humane movement throughout the world. The address is Hon. Editor: Mr. Lyndesay G. Langwill, 19 Melville Street, Edinburgh, 3, Scotland.

## The Robin's Song

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

POETS and musicians have honored "the pious bird with the scarlet breast" ever since the robin's cheery song first heralded the coming of spring.

Indeed, the robin has found a place in the literature of the world that few of his feathered comrades can equal. Perhaps the robin's popularity may be due, in part, to the fact that he outnumbers all other bird species save the sparrow, but such an assumption would not be fair to this cheery little fellow of the forest and field.

More likely the robin has been thus favored in the world's poetry and song because he is actually associated with more seasons of the year than are the most of our birds. He is not only the traditional harbinger of spring, and a constant summer companion, but the robin is also one of the last birds to fly southward after summer has mellowed into autumn.

In September, when the first breath of autumn is in the air, the robin greets us with a merry tune. He is at that time, when the songs of other birds have been stilled, "the bird of September and of hope." His song may be "merry and bright, pensive and sad," but little robin red-breast fulfills the poet's thought:

*"The robin pensive autumn cheers  
In her locks of yellow."*

The robin has long been remembered in the songs of the world. Reginald de Koven, the American composer of light operas, wrote the ever-popular "Robin Red Breast," while Allen paid a musical tribute with his "Arrival of the Robins" and Fisher contributed the "Robin's Return."

Nor can we forget that Joyce Kilmer, in that most beloved of all his poems, turned to the little red-breasted bird when he wrote:

*"A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair."*

It is little wonder that the robin has long been affectionately remembered by poets and singers. This merry little fellow with his ruddy and joyful notes makes a worthy companion of all the months from early spring to mellow autumn.

• • •

Seattle's proposal to license dog owners as well as dogs, submitting applicants to examination as to their patience and kindness, aims at establishing social security for canines. —Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

DOG HEROES, Peter Shaw Baker.

Not long since the *Daily Mirror* (London) instituted a "Brave Dog's Roll of Honor" by which it was decided to award the V. C. Collar to all dogs who had risked their lives for human beings. The list is indeed a long and illustrious one, thirty-six awards "For Bravery" having thus far been made.

All the stories related in this volume are authentic beyond doubt and present a remarkable record of heroic deeds performed by members of the canine race.

In addition to the many rescues of human lives from fire and drowning of which the facts are given in detail, a most interesting chapter is entitled, "The Guide Dogs for the Blind." Says the author, "No one except a blind person can possibly realize what a heaven-sent blessing a guide dog is." (We in this country know them as "Seeing-Eye" dogs.) With what infinite pains they are selected, trained and educated for their great work, the reader will be amazed.

Another chapter records the sad story of "Captain Scott's Brave Dogs," all of whom came to their tragic end in the heroic but vain effort to reach Shackleton and Wilson at the South Pole. All these well-told accounts bear eloquent testimony of canine bravery. Every reader, we believe, will heartily indorse the *Daily Mirror's* plan of recognition to "Dog Heroes" on its "Roll of Honor." Eight full color plates and sixteen plates in photogravure are highly attractive.

256 pp. 5s. net., Ward, Lock & Co., Salisbury Square, London.

## Our Dumb Animals

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### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

### FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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